

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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What Became of the Strategic Concept of Air Warfare?

JAMES T. JOHNSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

THE CONCEPTS OF AIR WARFARE, AS WE KNOW THEM today, reached their peak of development in World War II. World War II was the first major conflict in which heavy bombers and lighter tactical aircraft were employed in a decisive role, because, principally, aircraft before this time were not efficient enough to be effective. This war provided a very realistic proving ground for the effectiveness of military aircraft and the concepts devised for their use. These overall concepts for employment of aircraft in war are divided into two classes, commonly referred to as the tactical concept and the strategic concept. Tactical air warfare, which is air action against an enemy force in direct support of our own forces in the field, is generally thought of as having immediate effect on the battle situation, and is carried out within the combat zone itself. Strategic air warfare is bombardment from the air of enemy war production centers and key industries, with the intent of destroying the enemy's ability to provide logistic support to his forces, thereby making it impossible for him to wage effective war.

Until very recently, it was universally accepted that both tactical and strategic air warfare had a definite and important role to play in the National Defense Establishment. Within the past months, however, the U. S. Navy, fighting for increased appropriations in the House Armed Services Committee, has chosen to try to discredit the concept of strategic air warfare. One navy admiral has charged that strategic heavy bombardments of industrial centers are costly campaigns which have only remote, delayed, and indirect effect on the primary task of disarming the enemy by destroying his military forces. Spokesmen for the air force point of view have claimed that the strategic concept of air warfare is sound and that to discontinue the development of heavy bombardment aircraft would jeopardize the security of the United States. It has, therefore, fallen to the House Armed Services Committee to decide if the U. S. Air Force should cancel projects for improving the strategic bomber force and concentrate all the effort on development of more modern aircraft for use in tactical roles. In making this decision, the Committee must decide whether the strategic air warfare concept of the U. S. Air Force is sound and whether discontinuance of the development of heavy bombardment aircraft would jeopardize the security of the United States.

It is agreed that strategic air warfare is costly, as are all other forms of

warfare today, but the effects of strategic warfare are not so remote, delayed, and indirect as the navy admirals would have the public believe. Modern warfare is mechanized warfare. In a modern war, large forces must be able to move rapidly from place to place, there must be a great deal of flexibility within the forces, and the forces must be capable of rapidly concentrating destructive power on single objectives. These requisite capabilities necessitate a vast array of mechanized equipment. A high rate of industrial production is required to equip and maintain a modern military force. A great quantity and variety of mechanized implements are required before a campaign may be begun, and the attrition rate of this material is high.

Strategic air warfare envisions devastating bombings of specific industries in order to destroy the enemy's ability to resupply effectively these essential means of waging war. Elimination of productivity of certain critical items cripples the whole range of war industries. A large military force cannot continue to fight without this logistic support. How soon the effect of strategic bombing is realized by those engaged in tactical warfare is dependent upon the quantity of war material which the enemy has in reserve, whether these stockpiles can be located and destroyed by the strategic bombers, and whether strategic bombing has been able to disrupt the main arteries of communication between the stockpiles of reserve material and the users.

The navy spokesman insisted that the primary purpose of war is to disarm the enemy by destroying his military forces. The opposite opinion contends that it is foolishness to attempt to destroy a military force without first attempting to disarm it. An enemy cannot be effectively disarmed if his logistic services can continue to reequip him. Disrupting of industries engaged in the business of re-arming the enemy, and the means of distributing the material which these industries produce are very direct, and not at all remote, methods of disarming an enemy.

Further, the air force point of view insists that strategic bombardment of key industries in conjunction with tactical air and ground action against enemy military forces results in the quickest and most convincing defeat of the enemy nation. An aggressor nation will capitulate when the capability of supplying war material to its fighting forces is destroyed. An enemy who cannot replace his supplies will discontinue his offensive activities and eventually desist altogether. All these reasons combine to reduce the total number of casualties on both sides.

If the arguments of the admirals win and the development effort is reduced to apply only to tactical type aircraft, the security of the United States will be endangered. The existing long range bomber force will soon be obsolete, because improvements in aircraft design and construction techniques will continue at a rapid pace in all other industrialized areas of the world. It is evident that other nations recognize the value of heavy bombers as a strategic

weapon because they have been busy since the cessation of hostilities in the development of heavy bombardment aircraft. If war were to come, the United States would be faced with the prospect of being bombed by the enemy's long range heavy bombers without any means of retaliating in kind. A strategic air force for immediate action against the aggressor would not be available. An attempt to fight a war under such conditions, and fighting with only a view to disarming the enemy's military forces without attacking his war-making abilities, would be futile. The chances of success would be questionable, and success, if it came, would take too many years and cost too many lives. Such a war would dissipate the resources of our own country to an unacceptable degree. Admissions of error and repentance after a catastrophe of this nature would not repay the people of the United States for the dis-service which already would have been done.

It follows that the strategic air warfare concept of the U. S. Air Force is sound and that an adequate portion of the aircraft development effort should go to produce better long range heavy bombardment aircraft.

Neighborhood Nuisances

RETA C. BYERS

Rhetoric 101, Theme B

WHY, I OFTEN WONDER, AREN'T PARENTS COMPELLED to lock up mean children just as owners are required to confine vicious dogs. Compared to some of the little prides and joys that overrun the otherwise placid corner of the Midwestern town that is my home, a Great Dane is but a gentle creature. Sometimes I am inclined to believe that my neighborhood was singled out from all the others to harbor the trickiest, most diabolical imps in all Missouri. Surely I exaggerate you say; and I grant that your reasoning seems logical; but believe me—if you could visit my city block for ten minutes on any fair summer afternoon, you would immediately become an arch supporter of the Society for the Abolition of Children.

Perhaps the most difficult to endure, of the three-score and eight or so preschoolers who clutter the lawns and sidewalks visible from my window, is the little boy who lives directly across the street. His screams for "Momma" are certain to rise above the general din with the precise regularity that radio broadcasters use to change programs. Karlie is definitely the abused type. It seems that even the toddlers persist in torturing this plump, defenseless champion of squallers, or so the story goes when Karlie reports it to "Momma."

The most accomplished tease in the neighborhood is not, as you might expect, a husky boy, but a very dainty, blue-eyed, blond-haired maiden of five.

She is dreaded by every man, woman, child, and pet within a six-block radius. Her three-year-old brother is fast becoming a callous cynic, hardened to the ways of the world by the tricks of Angeline. There was the time she put sand in his cereal just to "hear him chew." But Angeline does not confine her activities to home and brother; she finds innumerable ways to disrupt the entire neighborhood. Once she hid the evening newspaper from every house in one square block. The interesting part of this affair was that the papers were discovered three days later under the front porch of the home of Mr. Edison who made the most ado over their disappearance.

The followers of Angeline are almost as deadly as she. With amazing precision they carry out the plots that she devises; once they even—but I must expose the antics of Angeline no further. I have a notion that she will someday be a famous person, perhaps a union agitator, and will not want people to know of the life she led as a child.

There are, I am sure, some quite lovely kindhearted children in the world; but what baffles me is where they are. Why can't two or three of them be permitted to inhabit and to restore to normalcy the neighborhood into which I must venture—perilous though the journey be—whenever I go home.

Of Time and The River

by Thomas Wolfe

MARY SHANNON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 15

THE AUSTRIAN COMPOSER, GUSTAV MAHLER, ONCE REMARKED to Jan Sibelius that every symphony should contain within its structure the entire world. We do not know whether Thomas Wolfe was familiar with the works of Mahler, but a kinship exists between the two, a kinship of striving by vain effort to say everything inside the limits of a single work of art.

Just as Mahler buries us under masses of sound, so Wolfe hurls upon us an avalanche of words, returning again and again to a central theme that is elaborated in a series of variations.

We are told in Wolf's sub-title that *Of Time and The River* is a "Legend of Man's Hunger In His Youth." I might almost say "warned" for hunger can hardly denote the voraciousness of Eugene Gant, the book's chief character.

Eugene Gant is, of course, Thomas Wolfe. We follow him through a series of wanderings and discontentments as the story develops. We stand with him on a bare station platform in his home town, waiting for the train that will

take him to Harvard, surrounded by all the banality, vulgarity, pettiness, and malice that passes for idyllic family life in small town America. The trip on the train is almost a book in itself. One shudders to read in Wolfe's "Story of a Novel" that it was actually several times this length before undergoing the skillful surgery of Maxwell Perkins.

In Boston we move among strange contrasts. There are the young men of Professor Hatcher's playwriting class, and there is also Uncle Bascom, that irrepressible maniac who has all the miserliness of Scrooge and the wordiness of a William Jennings Bryan. Francis Starwick, the precise prig, brilliant and homosexual, is perhaps the most important character at this time, next to the ever-dominating Eugene. But Eugene is never off the stage. This is his book, and no sparrow falls without his consent or at least his carefully recorded notice.

A complete synopsis of the book would be rather tedious. It moves on almost imperceptibly. Like the river of its name, there are a thousand small streams running through it. Whether we are in London, Paris, Orleans, or Altamont it is all the same. Eugene is still frustrated. He is still Tantalus in Hell.

Wolfe seeks to be a part of all that he has met, but desires an incorporation that is not humanly possible. Every face must be remembered. Even the numbers on box cars of the casual freight that once barred a road for a few minutes must be recalled. Surely one is entitled to ask if this does not bear a marked resemblance to certain symptoms which are usually indicative of an emotional disturbance known as "obsessional neurosis." But this is no place for a clinical attempt to analyze Wolfe's personality, although such a task offers fascinating possibilities.

The question is, what did Wolfe attempt in this book and how well did he succeed? It is my own feeling that Wolfe sought to find himself by a complete artistic revealing of himself. I think he was still trying to find himself when the book ended and that he remained as unsatisfied in the quest as he had been at the book's beginning.

Eugene Gant is not a person. He is a muttered curse in the darkness. He is the fear of death and the love of death united in one impulse complex, a great ego trying to untangle and reach out toward a million objects.

In some respects he is adolescent frustration and awkwardness, but this is only part of the answer. The other part is made obscure by obvious neurotic involvements in the character. Instead of a flight from reality, we get a tremendous flight into reality. Every leaf, every stone, every passing shadow becomes magical and almost possessed of life. Such a feeling, Ferenczi has told us, is normal in very young children, but in a young man of twenty-one it becomes a pathogenic factor full of tragic implications.

When one remembers Eugene's over-powering grief after the death of his

father, his feeling that his own life was ruined, broken, without further meaning, the foundation of his neurosis becomes evident.

" . . . But you are gone: our lives are ruined and broken in the night, our lives are mined below us by the river, our lives are whirled away into the sea and darkness, and we are lost unless you come to give us life again."

Thus, it is guilt that drives Eugene toward a magical solution: a formula that will be both redemption and liberation, and will allow him to find gratification and achievement. This then, in essence, is the story, if story it can be called. Around it is clustered a multitude of small stories that possess significance only as they come in touch with Eugene.

The charm and power lie in the language. It is possible to pick out long passages that stand quite well alone as prose poems. The main body of the work suffers nothing from such amputations.

There are hundreds of characters in the work of varying importance, but there is after all only one real character, Eugene Gant. He is *a* young man, but I am afraid he is not *the* young man that Wolfe would have us believe. It is in this attempt to create a prototype of "the young man" that Wolfe most conspicuously fails and it is in this failure that his story's greatest weakness lies.

Paksa

HARRY MADSEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

YOU WILL SEE HIM SAUNTER UP THE BON SHON MARKET Place in the Capitol City of Seoul; he will bow to you as you pass him along the Ascom-Inchon Highway; you will often find him squatted placidly in discussion amid a group of village huts, and you might encounter him almost anywhere in Korea. The paksa is easy to recognize in his billowing breeches and flowing robe. All his garments are of the ceremonial white, save the black horse-hair cap which looks like an undersized transparent derby. The bamboo and brass pipe he carries is of proportions in keeping with his station and age, for the older and more reverent the individual, the longer the pipe. The shortest of paksa pipes is eighteen inches.

When you see a paksa, you see a man drinking in the leisure of life. This hard-earned reward for a life of toil is a felicity which stands as a goal for every boy that is born in Korea. To become a paksa is the greatest of honors, and the honor increases in magnitude if the man has been zealous and sincere in the pursuit of his life work.

Each year has been dubbed by the Koreans with the name of an animal. According to these people, as the horns blew on last New Year's Eve, you were passing from the year of the rat to the year of the ox. The animal designations change annually in accordance with a sequence derived from Korean folk-lore until the entire paksa cycle of sixty animals has been completed. A Korean boy born today would be referred to as "The-boy-of-the-year-of-the-ox," or he would be better known as "Boy-of-the-ox." When Boy-of-the-ox again encounters the year of the ox, he will have completed the paksa cycle, and he will be a paksa.

The attainment of this rank does not go unheralded. For weeks, in anticipation of the great day, all the members of the immediate family work to prepare the feast that goes with the occasion. Word is sent out to the outlying members of the family who might have forgotten that the paksa was due to take place. Three days before the actual date, the relatives start to arrive, each bringing a contribution to the feast. Sacks of rice, a young pig, strings of dried fish, great bowls of fresh clams, bundles of celery cabbage, and large baskets of mountain pears are gathered in the court. An uncle who is a wine merchant has a contribution which is appreciated only less than that of the children who had to explore far into the hills to gather the many fragrant do-ra-chis and other flowers.

When the ceremony begins, the paksa is seated with his wife in a floral booth in the center of the court. Within easy reach is a gourd of rice wine and many trays of such delicacies as candied tomatoes and pickled bamboo shoots. Now the oldest son of the couple enters and bows all the way to the ground, first before his father and then before his mother. He thanks them both for the life they have given him and vows that from this day forward he will do all that is in his power to make their days happy and comfortable. When the son is finished, his wife comes in to bow and vow in the same manner as her husband. Their children follow, and then the second son and his family do the same as the first and his. Daughters and their families, cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters and the families of grandchildren all pay their homage, respect, and devotion.

When all the relatives have finished, the line may not yet be through, for then come all those friends who through the years have received favors from the new paksa. They will also want to attend this ceremony to show their appreciation, and pledge what they can to the support of the paksa should he find he needs it. A poor fisherman might say, "In the year when the great winds broke up my frail vessel, you took me in and fed me rice from your field. In tribute, to your table on this day I bring three of the finest eels in the land. If the day arrives when the dragon of drought drains the blood of life out of the fields of your family, oh but speak, and I will give you half the fish I draw from the sea."

When all who so desire have made known their thoughts to the paksa, the feast and the merry-making begins. There is singing, dancing, and circles where the poets of the family tell tales of kings, tigers, dragons, and frogs. The women flitter off to their own court to sew, cook, and exchange tales of things that have been since last they were together. The mirth clings through the night and continues for many days. It is not until the rice wine has been spent, and until the last kim-shi jug is light, that the occasion comes to an end.

Exhausted children are roused from where they sleep on the cool grass mats. The tree of the family is pruned once more, and each limb drifts away to be grafted again into the life of a far village. Here and there a branch or a single leaf will seek its own way up a mountain pass, or down a gorge, away from the rest. The paksa is done, and only another paksa will bring them all together again.

When you use the word "paksa," you cannot think only of the man, only of the sixty year cycle, or only of the celebration, for the essence of the word embraces all three. It means all these things, and to the Koreans it means more. Honor, respect, family, and security are all synonymous to paksa in the eyes of Son-of-the-ox. Even I can see another synonym for paksa in the word "retirement." I wonder how many government officials that fathered the introduction of Social Security in our country realized that at best, they were four thousand years behind the Koreans.

Faults of the High School Education System

DON E. SWEET

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

EVEN THOUGH THE EDUCATIONAL PRACTICES IN HIGH schools have been improved, they are still far from reaching perfection.

Many of the shortcomings of these systems are outgrowths of present day customs and laws, and these drawbacks cannot be corrected until the prevailing laws are changed. Though the following information is based upon the conditions which exist in one large midwestern high school, these conditions undoubtedly are present in most of the secondary schools of the nation.

If a nation is to maintain a high standard of education, it is obvious that some provision must be made for compulsory education, at least up to a certain age. This law, however, can be detrimental. It causes both money and time, which could be used to great advantage, to be wasted on the "I-don't-care" type of pupil, those who have no desire for an education, and what is

worse have none after the exposure process is complete. These students slow up an otherwise progressive class if a conscientious instructor attempts to put something across to them. A physics instructor in one high school had the right idea. He thought that if a pupil was interested in learning from his instruction, it was possible; if the pupil didn't care, neither did the instructor. Unfortunately, that attitude is looked down upon by those higher up in high school education.

Along with the time wasting "I-don't-care" pupil, comes the naturally slow student. Through no fault of his own, he cannot assimilate knowledge as fast as the average student, and as a consequence, he slows down the whole class.

Other faults of education are direct results of the present system and could be corrected by comparatively minor changes. An example of this is the concept of tenure. A new teacher will extend himself for the trial period and then, once on tenure, he will allow his teaching to degenerate. Unless the complaint against him is a serious one, he continues in his capacity, immune to discharge. As a typical case of this, in the same midwestern school, a teacher who taught a social problems class and doubled as an assistant coach was heard to say, "After this year when my tenure begins, I'm going to tell them to take this coaching job and go to hell." It is this type of attitude which undermines the efficiency of the modern high school teaching system.

Under the "correctable" heading falls yet another fault. This is the fact that high schools are so different from either grade schools or colleges. In the case of the grade school, the fault lies in the grade school itself. If grade schools, especially in the upper grades, were taught more as high schools are taught, the reorientation program which takes place in the freshman year of high school would not have to be as extensive or time consuming as it is. High school, however, is vastly different from college. That there is such a radical departure from teaching methods and standards of work required, probably accounts for the failures in college of many high-ranking high school students.

Probably the greatest correctable fault of high school teaching, however, is that the emphasis is placed on the wrong subjects. Opinions vary on which subjects should be emphasized, but the two year concentration on history appears extremely asinine. The study of history as, for instance, a contributing factor to the literature of the world is perhaps of some value, but the random commitment to memory of the various kings of Egypt in the year 8000 B.C. is a waste of time. More time should be spent in training the student to express himself orally rather than on paper. A reasonably small proportion of high school students will become writers, but 100 per cent of them will have to speak and be understood. In the same midwestern high school, physical education is a farce. This situation has been corrected, to a small

extent, in college. In the high school, the boys meet twice a week for one hour and shoot baskets or play knock-down-drag-out basketball with little or no organization and absolutely no emphasis on sportsmanship.

The answers to all the faults outlined above are not all immediately forthcoming. Nothing, for instance, can be done about the pupil who is in school against his will, if the "high"-standards of education in this country are not to suffer. If, however, pupils were given aptitude tests upon entering high school and made to take the subjects which would prepare them for the work to which they were best suited, there would be perhaps fewer unwilling students. For the slow student, aptitude classification is again the answer. Put the slow student in a class with others of his kind. The faster students in another class would progress at their own speed, and the efficiency of both groups would be greatly increased. Further, if teachers were placed on a civil-service type plan, the dead-heads who ride along on their tenure would be eliminated.

Since each year a higher percentage of high school graduates are going on to college, some form of preparation and exposure to college teaching methods should be injected into the present curricula of high schools. Junior high schools are now being introduced between grade schools and high schools in an effort to prepare the grade school graduate for high school. A similar combination of the last year of high school and the first year of college could perhaps be made, much to the advantage of the student who plans to enter college. Changing the required subjects and eliminating the useless ones would allow a student to make full use of his time in high school and provide a more rounded education for him, regardless of his future plans for education. Perhaps someday we may look at our high schools and see that they have been transformed into more efficient, more useful institutions as a result of elimination of these and other faults.

Number, Please ?

ARDETH HUNTINGTON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

"GIVE ME STATE 1959—ALICE, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN his face! Blush? Why, he was so embarrassed! He—no, operator, I said State 1559, or did I? Alice, what's Jim's new number? 1955? 1595? Never mind, operator, I'll look it up. . . ."

You quickly unplug the connection before hearing the sharp clash of the telephone receiver as the irate customer slams it on its base. But you have no time to speculate on the ways of women, for it is now 11:15:6 by your switch-board clock; Saturday, June 10th, by your mental calendar; and an increasingly busy morning at any city telephone office, especially yours. Or so you

think, watching the myriad white lights in front of you blink quickly on and just as quickly vanish as you make connections and answer calls, one by one in rapid succession.

"Op-er-a-tor! Op-er-a-tor!!"

You repeat the proper, well-learned phrase, "Number, please?"

"Op-er-a-tor! Op-er-a-tor!" That woman shouts in a thick, foreign accent and disregards, obviously not hearing, your repeated question. Is she in trouble—is she angry—or is she merely ignorant of the use of the telephone? Silent queries like wind-driven shadows dart through the back of the brain, and automatically you turn the customer over to a supervisor trained in the answering of odd requests.

Another call. "Number, please?" Routine. More routine. Plug cord—open talking switch—watch connect signals—red—green—disconnect cord—customer flashes—open switch quickly—respond properly—

"Operator . . ."

"You cut me off!" Like a whip those four words lash out, but draw no response other than mechanical from the robot-girl who sits at her switchboard and connects—disconnects, opens switches—watches lights—speaks distinctly—

"I'm sor-ry, sir. One moment, ple-ase . . ."

And now the operator in the next position goes to lunch, leaving you with two switchboards to watch and handle, but the "traffic" is slower now. You don't mind. Now it is lunch time, noon time, such a dull time, giving you the opportunity of dropping the mask of automatic rigidity which encases you during most of your working hours. It slips easily from your voice, and you pick up a call with an easy drawl that is half yawn, half sigh.

"Number—please?"

If a young man jokes with you, you reply. If an elderly lady launches into her troubles, you sympathize. If a small child begs for his Mommy, or laughs, or cries, or repeats gaily ". . . hello . . . hello . . . hello . . . hello . . ." you respond as you please. But such freedom lasts only a second when compared with the years, months, weeks of eight-hour days during which time you use your brain quickly and faultlessly in putting through police calls, fire calls, ambulance calls. And just as faultlessly, although perhaps not as quickly, your mind and hand reacts to the temperature calls, time calls, business calls, social calls. Angry customers, cheery customers, old men with guttural voices, and children who giggle and lisp; people who swear at you, people who call you "honey" and "dearie," voices and more voices causing the trans-city wires to buzz with busyness while you sit at your switchboard playing the role of heroine, life-saver, joy-giver, and death-announcer. You weary of the endless routine; your voice has long ago lost its smile.

But this is your job.

"Number, please?"

The United States Should Have National Health Insurance

JEANNE PETERSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

JUST LAST YEAR THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE thousand of our fellow citizens died because they couldn't afford to have adequate medical attention. When I first read these figures, I was amazed at the fact that we allowed such a condition to continue to exist. There is a remedy for this situation. This year, when our Congress votes on the revised Wagner-Dingle-Murray act, the fate of these thousands will be decided.

The opponents of this plan have made a tremendous battle to defeat it and so far have been successful. Leaders of the opposition include the patent medicine manufacturers and the American Medical Association. In 1947, these two alone declared a donation of three million dollars to the lobby opposing the adoption of this bill. It is easy to determine the reason for the opposition from the patent medicine people. The adoption of this plan would mean that the public would be able to secure good medicine and not have to rely upon curealls. Apparently the American Medical Association fears that it will lose its present stranglehold on the medical profession.

The opponents of National Health Insurance have managed to talk the majority of the people into referring to it as "Socialized Medicine." Thus attaching an odious term to a commendable program was a neat advertising trick and has resulted in a tremendous victory for them so far. National Health Insurance is *not* socialization; it is merely a plan for distributing the risk of sickness among the whole population. Certainly we do not call the various state-sponsored plans for workmen's compensation socialism, and yet the pattern followed by them is exactly the same as that proposed for medicine. This program will merely change the method of paying for medical services; instead of paying when we are sick, we will pay ahead of time while we are well.

At the present time over seventy million people, about half the population in the United States, make less than sixty dollars a week. People in these lower income brackets cannot afford medical care at its present high rates. There are some doctors who generously give these people a lower rate, but this procedure is not true of the vast majority. There are also charitable organizations whose mission is to provide this relief, but how many of us are humble enough to accept charity? National Health Insurance solves this problem; it is not charity, but it is a service for which they pay.

One of the most vigorous individual opponents of this plan is Dr. Morris Fishbein, formerly editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association. Today Dr. Fishbein offers as the solution to America's medical problem the Voluntary Group Insurance Plans; in 1932, Dr. Fishbein violently condemned all of these same Group Insurance plans as socialistic and leading to revolution. I believe that this doctor is fairly representative of the people who oppose National Health Insurance; they either oppose it for selfish reasons, as the patent medicine people, or, as Dr. Fishbein, for no particular reason.

America depends upon the family. The strength of the family rests in its security. The man who works for a living must have National Health Insurance. The support of his family depends directly upon his earning ability which in turn depends upon his health. We must spread the risk of sickness among the whole populace rather than letting it destroy individual families because of their inability to meet the financial demands of their doctors.

Uncle Anthony

WILLIAM F. BECKMAN

Rhetoric 100, Theme 6

I NEVER LIKED UNCLE ANTHONY. TO ME HE REPRESENTED the terrors of sarcasm and repression, epitomizing a generation as cold and brittle as ice. I remember him well as he stood very straight in the darkened living room, looking about in seeming disapproval of everything in general and me in particular.

Anthony J. Bickford, a man of nearly sixty years, was a despicable, utterly selfish, and a false individual. Though tall, his figure was emaciated and warped, while his face and hands were browned like a piece of old parchment. His fingers were knotted and slender, resembling the grasping limbs of an aged oak, and often he toyed nervously with his watch chain which dangled from a vest pocket. His rather heavy body was supported by two ridiculously thin legs terminating in long, slender feet upon which he wore black, pointed shoes. His suit, a lifeless grey, accentuated his doleful countenance, which was framed by a coarse ashen beard and hair.

Uncle Anthony's appearance mirrored his cold and heartless personality. His whole bearing suggested supreme confidence and conceit. I'll always remember his thin, white lips moving in disapproval of my existence, as he said, "Remember, youth, keep your silence while among adults."

His knotted fingers reached for the watch chain as he turned and left me staring at a narrow stream of sunlight which had dared to enter the dark sanctity of his dismal living room.

America's Most Terrifying Fire

EUGENE STONER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 15

ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894, ONE OF THE MOST terrible fires in the history of our country occurred at Hinckley, Minnesota. The inhabitants of this town had lived all summer in a semi-twilight caused by the burning of stumps and slash piles left from lumbering and clearing operations.

A few people noticed, early in the morning of that ill-fated day, that the fires seemed to be burning a little worse than usual in the swamps west of town. By noon the smoke was even denser and a stiff, hot breeze blew up. The people in the outlying country showed the first signs of nervousness. On the rising wind rode embers and firebrands, starting little fires on dry hand-hewn shakes of a dozen roofs. By two o'clock, great black bellows of smoke completely obscured the daylight. The winds blew in gusts that were hotter by the moment and hot cinders fell like black snow.

In the south, the sky grew a sullen, ugly red and great sheets of flame appeared in the smoke clouds themselves. Suddenly the distant rumblings, which had been heard for some time, turned into a frightening roar and a horrendous gale of wind and fire ripped through Hinckley from the south. Great balls of fire were seen to fall from the sky and explode as they approached the forest below, scattering fragments of fire before the hurricane and setting fire to everything they touched.

This fire, born in the crowns of the giant forest pines was a "blow up," the like of which has seldom been seen. No power on earth can stop such a fire. Incredible heat sends the air swirling up in speeding currents, creating a tornado of flame. As oxygen burns off in the center, superheated air, carbon, and swamp gases rush to the outside and explode in huge sheets of flame. The people in Hinckley saw such sheets of flame that day, two hundred feet high, roaring across fields where there was nothing to burn and starting fires in places where an ordinary fire would never reach. In the flashes of fire in some areas in and about Hinckley, boulders were split and acres of ground were burned off, topsoil and all; in a hardware store barrels of nails were melted into solid lumps of metal. People running down the streets were snuffed out like bugs in a campfire as the huge walls of flame and exploding gases swept over Hinckley again and again.

Some of the frantic people fled to the river for shelter. Because of the long drought, the river held no more than fifteen inches of water, and terrible walls

train. The train began to slow down with its brakes screeching and sparking. As the powerful beam from the headlight of the engine swung into the yard, the yard jumped to life. Strange and grotesque shadows formed mysterious figures on the high walls of the grain elevator. Several figures ran from the small shack to tend the switches. The train finally ground to a halt. Then after a minute's pause the whistle of the train sounded, and again the monster was off into the rainy night.

In a few brief moments the train was far down the disappearing rails, leaving only the yard, the shack, and a thousand puddles of water to stand idle and without life through the dreary night.

Student Government as Training for Democracy

JOAN HARMON

Rhetoric 100, Theme 3

STUDENT GOVERNMENT PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN training young people to be responsible, well-informed citizens of tomorrow. Participation in student government demonstrates to the individual the mechanics of the American governmental system.

Putting acquired knowledge into practice makes an effective impression on the student. Through student government, the citizen-to-be is given the privilege of voting on issues pertaining to school affairs, just as he will later vote on issues concerning national problems. He is anxious to have a part in introducing reforms and better methods, and he carefully considers the issues at hand so that he may cast a wise vote. When candidates are announced for election to office, the student learns to choose wisely and to vote for the person best suited for the particular office.

Through student government, the individual student is able to notice the effects of lack of interest and lack of participation on the effectiveness of governmental organization. He sees that a passive attitude on the part of voters leads to bad government. He realizes that cooperation and participation are needed in order to have an ideal type of government. He learns to appreciate the problems that confront officials, and he realizes that he can help solve these problems if he is willing to do so.

Student government gives the individual student practice in carrying out the principles of democracy.

One Man

JOE FREY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN BORN IN AN inconspicuous village, the son of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, then became a preacher and traveled the countryside. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never wrote a book. He never went to college. He never held an office. He never set foot inside a big city. He never traveled more than two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually make a person great. He had nothing but himself.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away—one of them denied him. He was given over to his foes. He went through the pretense of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth—his coat. When he was dead, he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave only because of the pity of a friend.

Nineteen long centuries have come and gone, and today he is the axis of the human race and the leader of the progressing world.

All of the armies that ever marched, and all of the navies that have ever sailed, and all of the parliaments that ever sat, and all of the kings that ever reigned—all put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One Man.

* * * *

Hatter's Castle

Hatter's Castle is not merely a composition which relates the processes and events characteristic of a novel. Rather, it is essentially a study of society which is continually suffering from the wounds inflicted on it by the greed, hate, jealousy, and suspicion that is truly characteristic of modern culture. A. J. Cronin handles this theme very effectively as he weaves it into the physical portion of the plot. Unfortunately, though, Cronin performs this unwittingly, for it is evident that he lacks the necessary genius to transform successfully the physical deviations of plot into an influential essence of ethical definition. Nevertheless, it is a powerfully effective story and deserves the attention of readers everywhere.—ROGER HANSEN.

On Getting Up in the Morning

BYRON C. STAFFELD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

IT IS SAID THAT ONE CAN BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO ANYTHING if the act is repeated often enough. As I grow older I believe this assertion less and less. I have been getting up early every morning for a little more than eighteen years, and I am not used to it yet. It was as difficult for me to arise this morning at it was a year ago, or, for that matter, ten years ago.

I have often wondered why it is so hard for me to get up in the morning. Why should I wish to lie in bed until the last minute? I am no bed-lover. A bed in itself holds no attractions for me; it is only a bundle of paradoxes: we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late. After I once get up, I am not anxious to lie down again.

I once asked a good friend of mine to solve this problem for me, and he said that the seat of the trouble was in the manner in which I was awakened. He advised me to buy a good alarm clock, and said that if I were awakened suddenly and regularly every day the habit of wishing to stay in bed late could easily be overcome. I bought the clock and used it without success. If I put it close to my bed at night, I would reach out the next morning and cut the alarm off when it rang, and then go peacefully back to sleep. On the other hand, if I put it out of reach, I would lie in bed and wait patiently for the spring to run down, and then turn quietly over and begin another snooze.

After the alarm-clock episode, I tried the oldest way known in the world, that is, having some hardy soul who gets up early to wake me. For nearly a month various friends of mine volunteered to do this service for me, but no one of them ever succeeded in getting me up on the instant. Some went to the trouble of banging our best Revere copper and brass ware together; although it seemed like a feasible plan to them, it only tended to annoy me to a point of not wanting to rise out of bed with such a commotion going on. Even their threats and their blows failed to rouse me. I would open my eyes, smile sweetly, and go back to that land of serene slumber again.

One of my father's friends heard of my malady and delivered me a long lecture on the subject. He appealed to my ambition, but my ambition refused to be stirred. In vain did he call to my mind the early-rising habits of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson. I looked innocent and asked him if it was not a fact that Burr and Arnold were also early risers. I ventured to ask him if it

were not likewise true that at least a million and a half other men who had lived during the Colonial period and got up early every morning had in the end died unknown. After this I was even emboldened to inquire if Doctor Johnson did not make it a habit to stay in bed until two o'clock in the afternoon. Before he could reply, however, I had left the room.

The next time I saw him he told me a story about an early bird's catching of a worm. I was not as much impressed with his narrative as I should have been. I felt too sorry for the unfortunate worm. If that worm had stayed in bed a little longer he would not have been caught by the bird. But, after all, it was wasted sympathy because the worm had no one to blame but himself.

It makes no difference what the season of the year is ; I have always had a hard time getting out of bed. In the winter the bed is warm and the room is cold. Why should I suddenly change from the warm and comfortable to the cold and uncomfortable? Dante would have us believe that lost souls are effectively punished by such sudden changes in temperature as these. Should then any living man suffer this punishment before his time?

In the summer how cool and comfortable it is in my bed with just a suggestion of a breeze blowing across my face, while on the world outside the fierce sun is shining. When finally I get up on summer mornings, how different I must appear from the punctually early risers, who impress me as being hot and tired and dusty.

I am afraid I shall never relinquish my habit of late rising. For after all, is there any advantage in getting up early? A chicken obeys the old adage of "early to bed and early to rise" all his life, and finally his head is cut off and he is made into a pie ; while the owl, reputed to be the wisest of birds, stays up all night, sleeps all day, lives to a ripe old age, and is never eaten.

Are they that rise early any happier than I? Do they enjoy life more? If they do, their happiness must be supreme.

* * * *

Bridge Fanatics

Even though it is customary for a bridge game to cease when the players leave the card table, bridge fanatics insist on a heated postmortem of every hand played. This involves grumbling, then roaring ; shaking a finger, then a fist. They become apoplectic because a partner trumped an ace, or even because he forced a bid. For those who play for pleasure, to match wits for an hour or so, it is difficult to understand the fanatic who sits with Culbertson at his right hand, thirteen tightly clenched cards before him, and a "Now-do-something-else-stupid" glint in his eye.—DORIS DAVIS.

Appearances and Realities in History

FRANKLIN J. NIENSTEDT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

PEOPLE OF THE WEST, THAT IS, PEOPLE WHO HAVE grown up in the culture of Western Civilization, have developed a biased view of history. From grammar school to college these people have learned only of the Greeks and the Romans and the Middle Ages—in short, of Europe. They remain wholly unaware of the history of China, of India, or of Persia. Responsible for this condition are the Western historians and educators who overlook Eastern history and overemphasize Western. They do this partly because they don't know very much about the history of the East but mostly because of a certain unjustifiable pride in the history of the West.

These men claim that Western civilization, which today has achieved great success, is founded on the ancient culture of the West, and hence that when people study this past culture, they are really studying the foundation of the great civilization we have today. The stupidity of this belief is amazing. In the first place, the Western civilization in existence now is no more related to past civilizations of the West than to the past civilizations of the East. The Roman Civilization passed out of existence about A.D. 400, and the Western Civilization, which didn't begin until a thousand years later, merely happened to be built on the earlier ashes. In the second place, there is no sensible reason for studying the West of the past simply because the West of today is great and for *not* studying the East of the past simply because the East of today is stagnant. To suggest how much the history of the West is overemphasized and that of the East overlooked, let us examine two corresponding empires and civilizations: that of the Roman Empire (27 B.C. to A.D. 395) in the West and that of the Chinese Empire (202 B.C. to A.D. 220) in the East.

We find that the famous Roman Empire was not as great as Western writers have made it appear to be. Culturally this empire was quite decadent. The great culture of the Greeks had already flourished in Greece from 500 B.C. to 300 B.C. and throughout the Eastern Mediterranean region from 300 B.C. to 100 B.C.; by the time the Romans entered the Eastern Mediterranean, the Greek writers, philosophers, and scientists were disappearing. Moreover, the Romans were a race which cared little for culture; they were interested chiefly in war and conquest. In fact, the Romans suppressed and even de-

stroyed much that remained of the Greek culture when they ruthlessly invaded and exploited the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean and when they subjugated and made slaves of the Greeks, thus discouraging that free creative genius which had brought about the Greek culture.

Many Western readers are led to believe that the Roman Empire was one of luxury and refinement of living. It must be remembered, however, that this was true of only the very small upper class—a wealthy landowning aristocracy—and that the vast majority of the people in the empire lived in abject poverty. The rugged small-farm owner who had built up the Roman Republic disappeared under the empire or became a slave of the wealthy landowner. The morals of the Romans, moreover, were disgusting; they had no coherent, dominant religion to restrain them, and the wealthy became corrupt and debauched while the masses became hard-hearted and cruel.

Although politically the Roman Empire was very powerful during its first two centuries, it did have a number of short-comings which writers often overlook. Probably most important was the lack of foresight and judgment among the rulers. To be sure, not all of them were greedy and irresponsible, and there were some very earnest and sincere Roman emperors, but even the best of them could not see beyond their boundaries. If they had known anything about world geography or of the events taking place outside the empire, they would have realized the necessity of subjugating Central Europe. They could have done it, but they didn't even try. Another short-coming was the lack of a systematic succession to the throne. The imperial dignity was the possession—and the all too elusive possession—of any ambitious soldier who was able to fight his way to the top. This procedure, of course, resulted in frequent revolts and civil wars.

As the empire was composed of many nationalities, there was little patriotism, and the armies soon had to be filled with foreign mercenaries—many of them northern barbarians, who later invited their relatives from across the border into the empire. We might mention, too, that although the Roman Empire centered around a large body of water—the Mediterranean—it never had a navy; true, there was a merchant marine, but there were few or no ships specifically for defense or transport of troops. Finally the court life was so completely filled with jealousies, murders, intrigues, lust, and crime and immorality in general, that efficiency in the government was nearly always lacking. Nero was more typical of the Roman emperors than was Augustus.

Now let us examine the Chinese Empire (or more correctly, that period of the empire between 202 B.C. and 220 A.D.). Although most people of the West are unaware of its existence, this empire produced a culture higher in many respects than that of Rome. The Chinese pursued many of the fine arts with success and did particularly well in painting. Their landscapes rank with the most beautiful paintings ever produced.

The useful arts—industry, commerce, engineering—were given much attention. The government ordered the erection of the Great Wall at the beginning of this period, and also constructed roads, bridges, and canals. There were many skilled artisans in the cities; porcelain manufacturing was highly developed; textile industries flourished; there was much work done with metals; and the volume of trade between the cities, and across Asia to the prosperous markets in Turkestan, to Persia, and even to Rome was tremendous.

There was much written work done in China, for paper was in use after the first century A.D.; and toward the end of this period printing was developed. The economy of the empire was in a sound condition. The majority of the people were farmers—free farmers—and there were no wealthy landowners; there was no concentration of wealth and little poverty. The Chinese did not have any religion as we think of religion but they followed religiously the code of ethics laid down by Confucius and thus maintained a decent moral standard.

All this prosperity and culture could not have existed if the Chinese government had not been stable. Except for one instance, we find that there were no civil wars or disturbances of any kind in China for four hundred years! The administration was justly and efficiently carried on in the beautiful capital of Chang An by the Han dynasty, which produced a number of capable emperors. The basis of their strength of purpose and prudent management was found in the vigorous foreign policy of the Hans, set up by the great emperor, Wu Ti. They had been beset by the barbaric Huns on their north and west frontiers during their first half-century, but under Wu Ti the Chinese pursued a forward drive, completely routing these Huns and forcing them westward toward Rome. The Chinese emperors knew what had been happening among these barbaric tribes and acted accordingly.

The Chinese then moved into these vacated regions, always pushing farther west and spreading their authority and culture far into Central Asia. At the same time, the Chinese leaders encouraged friendly relations with their more civilized neighbors; the great emperor Wu Ti established the "Silk Route" from Chang An to the flourishing cities of Turkestan and beyond into Persia and the West, exchanging goods and ideas freely. Surely if there was ever a "world empire" and a "universal civilization," the Chinese Empire has a better claim to it than Rome ever had.

Of course, there were some good qualities about the Roman Empire and some faults in the Chinese Empire, which I have deliberately neglected to mention. I have simply tried to show that the Chinese Empire was as good as the Roman Empire, or better, and therefore people of the West should give it the credit it deserves. Yet we who study "history," study Rome, and hear never a word of any world beyond the narrow little borders of Europe.

New York Journey

LUCILLE C. CROW

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

"WELL, IT PROVES THAT ONE NEVER KNOWS WHAT will happen next," I thought aloud and turned to look out the window at friends waving from the station platform. Blinking red lights on the black and white crossing guards warned traffic of the slowly moving train, and friends and the station retreated from my window. Business buildings, factories, and apartment houses gave way to white cottages, then sprawling farm houses and open fields, and I knew that at last I was on my way to New York City.

My going still seemed like a dream because everything had happened so unexpectedly. Six hours ago, if someone had told me that I'd be leaving on a thousand mile trip that evening, I'd have pegged him as being as goofy as my Aunt Minnie. That, of course, was before a long-distance telephone call spun my little world around, heading me East. My husband had called that afternoon to tell me that he was safely back from the Mediterranean and would be in New York three days before his ship left port again. It was wonderful to hear his voice and to know that he was all right, but when he asked me to come to New York to spend the three days with him and to attend an open house aboard the ship, I was so surprised that only reasons for not going danced before my eyes—The money, it would cost so much—My job, how could I ever get three days off?—Clothes, I'd need a new dress—Train reservations, impossible without all sorts of wartime priorities—Making that long trip alone. No, I couldn't.

"But, Luke," he said, "all the other fellows' wives will be here."

"There just isn't time to get ready or anything," was all I could answer.

"Throw some things into a suitcase. You can get ready after you get here. Wire me when your train will arrive."

And before I realized what was happening, I had promised to catch the next eastbound train.

And here I was, suitcase packed and safely stowed overhead, Vincennes-to-New York City round-trip ticket carefully folded in my purse, the *Cosmopolitan* and *Reader's Digest* beside me for company on the twenty-two hour trip, on my way at last. I pulled off my gloves, eased out of my coat, and settled back for my first bit of relaxation in six hours.

Wartime travel conditions being what they were, I had pictured myself

standing in the aisle of an ancient day coach the entire trip or sharing my seat with either a drunken sailor or a nervous mother herding several small, sticky children. This coach, however, was obviously new, with a pale green interior and forest green lounge chairs. I stretched my toes to the foot rest, sniffed the air-conditioned comfort, and glanced about the car. The seats weren't half filled. Wasn't I lucky?

As the miles flew by, I sat looking out the window, hypnotized by the marching grey telephone poles and southern Indiana's colorless winter panorama broken by occasional small towns, each with its identifying squat depot lettered Bicknell, French Lick, West Baden, Paoli. I began thinking of the three days ahead. I wondered about my husband; would the eighteen months overseas have changed him? Would war and killing have transformed the boy I remembered into a different man? Couples grew apart in spite of letters and common memories. I wondered whether we would have trouble bridging the year and a half gap in our lives. I thought about poor Dorothy back at the office and wondered how she would get along doing both my work and her own. Would my black dress be all right for dress-up in New York? Six hours hadn't included shopping time for a new dress.

Approaching darkness and the porter's dinner call brought me back to earth. Surreptitiously inspecting stocking seams and applying fresh lipstick, I gathered up my purse and the *Cosmopolitan* and made the precarious promenade through the swaying coaches to the dining car. Having never patronized a dining car before, I was a bit dubious about what to do next, but a smiling colored waiter directed me to a table as graciously as if I were Princess Elizabeth. I sat down and ordered dinner, secretly marvelling at the water-filled vase exhibiting a single rose without spilling a drop in spite of the lurching train. I even wished for a cigarette to impress my new friend, the waiter, as I sat fiddling my fingers waiting for my roast veal and mashed potatoes.

"Cigarette, Miss?" someone asked.

"Gad, who's reading my mind?" I gasped mentally and turned to the owner of the voice and proffered cigarette. A handsome young man, a sergeant, stood smiling beside my table.

"That's funny," I exclaimed. "I've never smoked a cigarette before, but I was just thinking this is the time and the place for one."

"Perhaps I'm psychic," he laughed. "May I sit at your table?"

"Oh, oh," I thought. "Slow down a little, Luke." But it seemed rather silly and unfriendly to say anything other than, "Yes, of course." After all, there was the empty chair, and everyone was supposed to be kind to servicemen. I did refuse the cigarette, however, so that he wouldn't think I was *too* friendly.

He also ordered roast veal, and we sat waiting in a sort of companionable silence for our dinners.

"Going far?" he asked finally.

"New York City."

"Ever been there?"

"No, but my husband is going to meet me. I wired him when to meet the train." And I found myself telling a perfect stranger all about the telephone call, my frenzied preparations for the trip, and how I was looking forward to three days in New York. I suppose train passengers are like shipboard acquaintances. Persons thrown temporarily together with a single destination soon become friends. When I learned that the sergeant was going to New York City, too, that served almost as an introduction, a recommendation, and a common meeting ground. Soon I knew all about him. His name was Benjamin something or other. He had been an accountant in civilian life, was now stationed at Scott Field near St. Louis, and was going home on furlough to visit his mother and sister. We chatted along, lingering over a second cup of coffee. The colored waiter winked slyly as he filled my cup a third time. Obviously he figured I was doing all right for myself. Gathering my respectability about me, I paid for my dinner (remembering a tip for the knowing waiter), bade the sergeant a pleasant but definite good evening, and walked sedately back through the two cars to my seat and buried myself in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Myriad twinkling lights flashed past my window marking unknown towns and villages, while a cold December moon played hide and seek through the passing trees. Soon we were pulling into Cincinnati. I had lived there as a girl; so Cincinnati was a friendly, familiar city. When the conductor announced a forty minute stop over, I decided to go for a short walk to stretch my legs and to see some of the city once more. I might even call my Aunt Mary, who lived here, to say hello and to let her know that I was passing through town. I hurried down the steps onto the platform, and ran through the gate literally into the arms of the smiling sergeant.

"Hey, this isn't New York. Where are you rushing off to?"

So I explained about calling my Aunt Mary. He agreed this was a splendid idea and could he help me find a telephone? I suppose I really shouldn't have, but I said, "Uhhuh," and off we dashed with forty, no, thirty-eight minutes left now in Cincinnati. I pointed out places I remembered from the past—good old Government Square, unchanged, with the same hungry pigeons and sauntering crowds, the Apollo Theater (now showing Cab Calloway in person), and the Netherland Plaza's beautiful golden spire. All too soon it was time to rush back to the station. And I never did call Aunt Mary.

Back in the train once more, Ben helped me off with my coat. I brushed the *Cosmopolitan* and *Reader's Digest* aside so that he could sit beside me to chat a few minutes. I don't remember how the conversation got around to it,

but finally we began discussing wartime marriages. He was against them because his had been unsuccessful.

"The war changes people," he explained, "and when couples who have rushed into marriage are separated for a long period of time, they meet again sometimes as strangers. You think about a person, dream about her, build her up in your mind until, when you see her again, you're so disappointed because she isn't what you remembered or imagined that you never get over it."

What the sergeant said made sense to me after a fashion. I knew that I wasn't the same girl Vernon had left eighteen months before. I had grown up since then, successfully assumed new responsibilities, become self-sufficient, and had hobnobbed with so many majors and colonels at work that I sometimes wondered whether I would still find an electrician's mate, second class, interesting company. Not that I didn't love Vernon; it was just that so many things had happened since I had seen him. A year and a half is a long time. What if he had changed as much as I had?

I don't know how long the sergeant and I talked. I don't even remember falling asleep, but the next thing I knew, the sun was in my eyes and it was morning. I straightened my cramped legs, wondered where I was for a second, opened my eyes, and shut them quickly. There was the sergeant, calmly smoking a cigarette. When you've told a stranger practically your life history, it's quite a shock to wake up the next morning to find him sitting beside you. Besides, I knew I looked a mess. He was spic and span, freshly shaved, and as wide awake as if he'd been up for hours. I muttered some sort of something, struggled to get my overnight bag down from the rack, finally thanked him for getting it for me, and beat a hasty retreat to the lounge.

Lots of soap and water and a fresh blouse made a new woman of me. I was ready for breakfast. I'd dismiss that sergeant, if he was still there when I got back to my seat, and go to the dining car for a cup of coffee. Back at the seat, lo and behold, there sat the sergeant, holding a tray of toast and two cups of the most aromatic coffee imaginable. I was beginning to believe that man was psychic. "Oh, well," I chided myself, "after all, he won't bite; enjoy yourself."

We were coming into Washington, D. C., now, and I caught a glimpse of the famous Washington Monument. My only other impression of the Capitol was a line of plain pine boxes atop baggage trucks with an honor guard of white-gloved soldiers waiting alongside the train. Yes, there was still a war on. I wondered whether any of those fellows had been electrician's mates or even sergeants. We didn't talk for a long time, and when Ben silently offered me a cigarette, I lighted it and drew a couple of puffs before realizing that this was my first cigarette. I was glad when the station with its silent, eloquent boxes was far behind.

We had fun that morning, playing gin rummy, watching the ever changing

landscape, and talking. He was the easiest man to converse with that I have ever met. About ten o'clock we strolled through to the dining car seeking waffles and more coffee. I had a few qualms about facing my waiter of the night before, but he was nowhere to be seen.

We waited to have lunch in the station restaurant in Philadelphia. Soon we would be in New York itself, and our journey and little adventure would be over.

Back on the train again, Ben said, "The terminal is at Jersey City. We change trains there to go on into Grand Central Station. I'll help you with your bag during the transfer and on into New York until you find your husband. Grand Central is a big place." He paused, then continued, "Lu, if things don't work out all right for you in New York, look me up, will you? I'll give you my telephone number and address."

Suddenly I felt grateful to the sergeant, because I knew in my heart that I wasn't at all sure how things would work out in New York. Vernon might even seem more like a stranger to me than the sergeant.

Outside snow was beginning to fall. Trenton—Elizabeth—Bayonne—and now Jersey City. Ben went back into the other coach for his suitcase while I gathered my belongings together, discarded the neglected magazines, and nervously inspected my make-up. All the passengers were getting ready for the transfer, and now we were pulling into the big terminal. We drew into the long, shedded runway, and the train slowed to a stop.

Suddenly, through my window I saw a sailor, my sailor, waiting on the platform with the white snow flakes dusting his curly black hair. It was Vernon! He had come all the way down to Jersey City to meet me. All at once, positively and without a vestige of doubt, I knew that the sergeant and I had both been wrong; people didn't change, they couldn't.

And I ran down the steps and into Vernon's waiting arms.

The Rolling Stone

ROBERT RALPH ZEMON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

THERE'S A RACE OF MEN THAT DOESN'T FIT IN. TRACES of this race may be found in every city, town and village. Its members are sneered at, scoffed at, and treated cruelly by society in general. And yet, these very people have usually done more in the course of their lives than the average chaps who persecute them.

Jim Brennen exemplified this race. His "echological niche" was an alleyway between a pawn shop and a saloon in New York's Bowery. He could

generally be found stretched out horizontally on the pavement, but with a little probing and a buck shoved into his palm, Jim would usually sit up and talk.

He would tell of days gone by, of hearts he had broken. He would relate tales of his army days and of the women he had seduced in his youth. He would describe fields that he had crossed and mountains that he had climbed. He would talk of the "curse of the gypsy blood" that kept him from resting, of his unyielding desire for the new and different constantly driving him onward. And he would start each new venture certain that he had at last found his groove in life; but each fresh move proved only to be a fresh mistake.

Then, suddenly, the realization that his youth had fled and his prime was past made Jim look around. And he noted that it was the quiet, steady, plodding ones who were winning the lifelong race. And Jim laughed, as he always had, at the life that had played such a joke on him. Only this time, there was a bottle in his hand.

For a while Jim continued roving about the country doing all sorts of odd jobs. But as the gin and whiskey slowly pickled his insides and ruined his coordination, Jim Brennen, the rolling stone, came to a sudden halt in the Bowery, the meeting place of his race of men.

About a year ago, Jim packed his duds for the last time on earth and jumped the westbound express to the beyond. But I somehow get the strangest feeling, as a fluffy cloud passes overhead, that Jim Brennen is sitting right on top of it, smiling down at the world.

Rhet as Writ

Christmas to me this year is not what presents I will receive but a two weeks' vacation from school and bookies.

* * * *

It took many years to develop juvenile delinquency to the point which it has reached today.

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My two favorite classicals are 'Cheharizad' and 'The Nut-Cracker's Sweap.'

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Finally we reached the movie and seated ourselves three rows from the front upon his suggestion.

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One of my roommates loves to talk, especially when I am in the mist of concentration.

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